

# GIANT BEER TRUST WITH CUPID AS PRESIDENT. ST. LOUIS VATS VERDICTS MILLIONS.

Love Links the Three Greatest Brewery Interests in this Country.

LET BRITONS BEWARE.

This Combine Will Swamp Their Syndicate and Outshine Their Ale Barons.

PABST, SCHLITZ, LEMP & CO.

That's the Firm Now, and Anheuser-Busch and Others Are Prospective Adversaries.

They say in the world of dollars that a monster beer trust is forming to combat and perforce to overwhelm the British syndicate which some time ago set out to control the output of beer. It is said that already there are \$300,000,000 of brewing capital signed to the articles of agreement, and that the representatives of the new giant combine are at work ever so stealthily, ever so shrewdly, adding new millions to the roll. Great bankers have a hand in it. Malsters are on the list. A world of men who have vast investments in tributary lines of business are hastening to get in on the ground floor of this most mammoth of all corporations.

**Cupid Rules the Trusts.**  
But the potent force, the most masterful agent in this stupendous scheme of millions, is a bare boy with a bow and arrow. Cupid rules this big beer trust.

The newspapers hinted vaguely at this astounding fact when they said two months ago: "The consummation of the scheme is said to depend upon the decision soon to be made by the Pabst Brewing Company, of Milwaukee, and the big breweries in St. Louis."

**Marriage Certificates the Agreements.**

Cupid, since then, has done a fine work of negotiation. He has tied up in a hard knot the giant brewing concerns of Milwaukee and St. Louis. He has made their hearts and minds one. He will vote their stock and frame their opinions. The main articles of the beer trust agreement are marriage certificates, and the emblem of beer money is not a keg, but an orange flower.

But the cable despatches which told last week of the marriage in the Isle of Wight of Colonel Gustav C. Pabst, of Milwaukee, and Miss Hilda Lemp, daughter of W. J. Lemp, of St. Louis, were only the tip of the iceberg of the story. The marriage in the Isle of Wight is the crowning accomplishment in the work of brewing consolidation.

**Rich Brewers' Children Wed.**

It not only consolidates the brewing firms of Pabst and Lemp. It completes the triangular union of Pabst, Lemp and Schlitz, for it is not so very long ago that Fred Pabst, brother of the gay Colonel, was wedded to Miss Uhllein, and Miss Uhllein's father is head of the Joseph Schlitz brewery, which for years have divided fame and profit with the Pabsts.

And there is more to come. Ask what becomes of the other St. Louis establishment, the brewing house of Anheuser-Busch and St. Louis wife folk will tell you this:

**Another Wedding Is Expected.**

"It is said in St. Louis that Miss Lemp, the younger sister of her who is now Mrs. Gustav Pabst, is to be married, by and by, and that the marriage will make her a know-nothing of the house of Busch."

So Cupid, smiling and the English syndicate will do well to tremble.

The sky god is building up a great German family of brewers in America, in which for riches and beauty and chivalry and fashion and sagacity and beer, power and profits will make the world forget the seaweed names of Guinness and of Bass.

**The Sky God Looked Ahead.**

Cupid was farsighted, too. Young Pabst became a friend of Miss Lemp's brother years and years ago. They hunted together, fished together, bought wild Western lands and killed away the game on them together. Lemp visited in Milwaukee. Pabst visited in St. Louis, and met Miss Lemp, and only after long years learned that she was the daughter of W. J. Lemp.

**The Wedding Was Buried.**

They were to have been married late this fall, after the young woman's summer journey was over. Cupid, with his great scheme of consolidation, could not wait. So Colonel Pabst went abroad and wedded his bride in the Isle of Wight, where he sistered a year ago, and he and she gave emphasis to the cordiality of the union on both sides, both families were there to wish them joy.

**Only a Coat of Arms Needed.**

These families, represented in the great plan of brewing consolidation, are essentially brewing families. They have had their beginnings, and all their history, as Americans, in the brewing trade. The story of any and all of them parallels the story of the family of Pabst. Their genius is the same.

**Joseph Schlitz's Early Life.**

Joseph Schlitz, founder of the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company, was born in Mayence, May 15, 1831. His father was a speculator in wine. Young Schlitz got his schooling in his native city. Then he took a four years' course in bookkeeping. For the purpose of better perfecting himself in this study he assumed charge of the books of a prominent house there, and remained with them four years. In 1855 Mr. Schlitz came to Milwaukee and engaged in the brewing business. In 1858 he purchased a little brewery of August Krug and laid in the corner stone of the great business fabric known as the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company. The business prospered. Each year it grew. In April, 1875, the ill-fated steamer Schiller went down off the English coast. Joseph Schlitz was among the lost.

At the time of his death Mr. Schlitz was president of the Schlitz Brewing Company, vice-president of the Second Ward Savings Bank, secretary of the Brewers' Fire Insurance Company, of America, of which he was one of the founders. Mr. Schlitz was also an active member of the United States Brewers' Association, secretary of the Milwaukee Brewers' Association, a Mason, and a member of numberless other societies.

Before sailing for Europe he had made provision by will that in case of his death the vast business should be continued under the name of the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company, under the management of August, Henry, Edward and Alfred Uhllein.

In August Uhllein's daughter, that Frederick Pabst, Jr., has married, is so much for the Milwaukee end of the great combine.

The establishment of Lemp in St. Louis, now to be taken in by way of the altar to the trust of brewing families, had just as small beginnings as had the other two. Adam Lemp came from Germany in 1840, went to St. Louis, and there started in Second street a little brewery. He taught his son the complicated details of beer making, and in 1862 died and left him to brew a fortune for himself.

The son proved to be a brewer extraordinary and a wizard at business. He bought new ground, he built new buildings, he put in plants that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. The day that his daughter married young Pabst saw the Lemp breweries' annual output set down at 400,000 barrels, and the total of their yearly sales footed up in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000. Its depots are over all the Southern and Western countries, as those of the Milwaukee brewers are over the North and East.

There are sons, too—two of them—of the house of Lemp; bright, hustling Western



MRS. GUSTAVE PABST



GUSTAVE PABST



RESIDENCE OF CAPT. PABST

## Principals and Scenes in the Great Beer-Interest Nuptials.

waukee alone apart from the brewery interests. He operates the greatest beer brewery in the world.

When the English syndicate offered him \$10,000,000 in gold for it he laughed at them and said it was worth as much to him as anybody living. And it is worth millions more than it was then. Cupid has made it so.

And the Schlitz brewery which young Mr. Fred Pabst has annexed by his marriage to Miss Uhllein? The Uhlleins control it all. The history of Schlitz is much the same as the history of Pabst. Their genius is the same.

It is a wonderful combination altogether. Its buildings cover miles of territory, its workmen are brigades, science is its handmaiden, it controls railroads, lines of transportation, markets in great cities and millions of acres of farming land, whose product it employs. It dictates to Legislatures and carries politicians in its pocket. Its profits are like the riches of Monte Cristo, and its dominion is without boundary.

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men, who, as becomes the heirs of such a business, and future members of such a trust, have gone into the brewery after getting college educations, acquainted themselves with its every item, and made ready to prove to an incredulous world that it is not in German-American, "only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves."

It is not at all unlikely that they will follow the example of the brothers Pabst, and with the aid of ring and a parson add yet other breweries to the trust.

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**GLASS OF BEER, \$174.**

It Cost the City That Amount to Prosecute a Bartender for Selling to a Tipsey Man.

It has taken a city magistrate, three Justices of Special Sessions, a grand jury, Judge Cowing and a petit jury to determine that George Miller should not be sent to prison for selling a glass of beer to an intoxicated man.

Miller was the bartender for Ohl's Hotel, at Southern Boulevard and One Hundred and Thirty-third street. On September 6 a tipsy pedler entered the place and bought a glass of beer. Policeaman Kennedy, who was waiting outside, arrested Miller and locked him up for violation of Section 50 of the Raines law.

In the Harlem Police Court Miller was held in \$1,000 bail for trial at the Court of Special Sessions. Unable to get bail, he was lodged in the Tombs until Friday last. When the case was called Jacob Berlinger, counsel for the pedler, raised the question of jurisdiction, claiming that the Court of Special Sessions had no right to try the case.

The Justice, after listening to the counsel's argument, paroled the prisoner in Mr. Berlinger's custody until Monday, when they handed down a decision sustaining the lawyer's point. Miller was then recommitted to the Tombs and the matter was referred to the Grand Jury. The man's indictment followed on Tuesday.

Wednesday the case was up for pleading, and immediate trial was demanded. The only witness was the police officer who swore the pedler was intoxicated. The defendant said he wasn't badly intoxicated. The jury went out and returned in a minute or two with a verdict of not guilty.

Exactly how much that five-cent glass of beer cost the county was figured out by a court officer as follows:

Time of policeman, three half days..... \$0.00

Time of Magistrate and Justice..... 125.00

Time of Grand Jury and Petit Jury..... 10.00

Time of court officers..... 10.00

Time of District-Attorney's office..... 10.00

Food for prisoner..... 3.00

Total..... \$174.00

Mrs. Craven's Son-in-Law Will Fight Senator Fair's Children.

BACKED BY YOUNG BUSCH.

Brewery Interests to See Famous Will Contest to a Finish.

KOEHLER'S VIGOROUS WORDS.

He Will Push the Matter If It Takes a Thousand Summers, He Says.

If Mr. Koehler keeps his word it will be a matter of barrels against millions. The husband of the daughter of the claimant will fight the cause to the highest court of California, and from there to the highest court of the country if it be necessary. He hasn't anything like the money that the opponents of the claimant have, but he is backed by some of the smartest, wealthiest and newest young men in all Missouri, and that goes for a great deal.

Here, that is, Henry Koehler—married the daughter of a woman who made a strong legal fight for a sum of money amounting to over a million and a half of dollars. His mother-in-law lost the first inning, because of the decision of a Judge of a court.

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But that her young and handsome daughter, who had acted in a purely advisory capacity—as the jury had to the judge—appeared in the courtroom the darkness which brooded the dawn was the blackest. This young daughter appeared with a suit of her own, without money to buy yet, but money the Craven family, while slower, is equally as certain, if it only has the patience. This suit was more other than Henry Koehler, Jr., of St. Louis, who was not an argument, nor had he ever delved in the earth for gold, but he had plucked from the face of the earth an inestimable treasure, which properly utilized, he and so he had amassed a comfortable fortune.

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The bridegroom was more reticent, as was to be expected. He was found at the Palace Hotel, and promptly exclaimed that he did not desire to have his name used in further connection with the Craven-Fair will case.

But he may say, however, he remarked ingeniously, "that the Craven forces have been joined together, and that ample money will be furnished for the future conduct of the case."

"Do you supply it?" he was then asked. "Now, really," he answered, "that is another matter. If any one says that I am supplying the money I must of necessity be compelled to brand the story as entirely unauthorized. Such a statement might hurt my business in the East, you know. But you can say with perfect safety that the case will be fought to the bitter end."

**Jurylike vs. Jurylike Again.**

There is not the slightest doubt in the minds of all who know the former Miss Craven, her mother, and Mr. Koehler, but that one of the longest and most stubbornly contested will cases on record will migrate to the California courts. The Craven with that of Koehler, Mrs. Craven, backed up by her newly found son-in-law, will appeal to the Supreme Court of the California courts, praying for a new trial. If this motion is denied, and it is almost a foregone conclusion that it will be, the case will go to the Supreme Court of the State. Mr. Koehler, despite his utterances, recently said to the attorneys for Mrs. Craven at a conference which he held a few days ago that he was prepared to carry the matter to Congress, if necessary, and that he had money to do so. He even beyond Congress, and into the hands of an international tribunal, if it was deemed that that expedient would do any good for the cause for which he was fighting and his mother-in-law were fighting.

Mr. Koehler, according to reports received from St. Louis, is quite